The Seed Sower.

A Magazine for the Church, the School, and the Home

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Love's Dwelling.

I said, "O Love, if thou wilt dwell with me,
A stately palace will I build for thee,
With massive gates of carven ivory,
So that no noises from the world of pain,
No cry of woe, no sight of guilt's dark stain,
Shall ever smite thy tender heart again,—
O Love, if thou wilt come and dwell with me."

Love softly came. But, oh, within a day
His rosy bloom had vanished quite away,
His golden hair faded to ashen gray,
His starry eyes were dim. His brow was bent,
His breath in laboured gasping came and went,
Like Death he was—with life and hope all spent.
"What have I done to thee, O Love, I pray?"

I flung the casement wide to give him air,
A little human sob of man's despair
Rang through the stillness of the night, and, ere
I could again shut out the grievous sound,
Love rose, transfigured, glowing all around;
My palace fell like tinsel to the ground,
And left Love smiling—free—and, oh, how fair!

ISABEL FRANCIS BELLOWS.

LEARN to consume your own smoke. The atmosphere is darkened by the murmurings and whimperings of men and women over the non-essentials, the trifles that are inevitably incident to the hurly-burly of the day's routine. Things cannot always go your way. Learn to accept in silence all minor aggravations, so that those about you may not be annoyed by the dust and soot of your complaints.—*Wm. Osler, M.D., Baltimore.*

The Joy of Life.

A SERMON BY SAMUEL MCCHORD CROTHERS, D.D.

THE JOY OF LIFE.

What shall I render unto the Lord for all his benefits toward me?

I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord.

I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people.—Ps. cxvi., 12-14.

When we try to trace to their source the streams of beneficence that are enriching the world, we find that many of them have their origin in some sorrowful experience. The child of many hopes dies; to the stricken parents, with the grief, and with the bitterness, there comes the thought, "How may this grief of ours find a channel that is not selfish? What may we do to perpetuate the memory of the one we loved and in whom we hoped? What account may we render, what expression may we give of our grief, worthy of him we loved?" Then, according to the spirit of the time, the memorial is raised.

There were times when it took the form of a gift to the temple,—a sacred shrine, candles to be burning perpetually, masses for the soul, alms to the poor, perhaps, upon some dangerous mountain, a refuge for the traveller, all these, given out of hearts that were stricken, as memorials of grief. In our

time the instinct finds different expression,—a stately university is reared, a library, a hospital, something that shall give cheer and comfort to the generations that are to come, and often when we look upon it we admire the magnificence of the gift and begin to praise it, and then all our praise grows sad as we think of what it means. Beneath the splendid gift we see the broken-hearted giver.

So, I think, we find it is, in our practical experience. When we think of the people who are doing good to the world, giving their lives in disinterested service, how often we go back to some sorrowful experience which made the change in their whole method of life.

A man has been living a careless, selfish life. Then personal grief comes to him, and out of his sorrow he for the first time learns his relation to the world he lives in. For the first time through his grief he learns the lesson of sympathy, of kindliness, of public spirit; he goes out a new man, seeking to serve others.

How often we find something of the nature of remorse, a sense of sin, being the starting point of the larger life. The man's gift is like the gift which the old worshippers brought to the temple when they made their sin offering, a kind of atonement for the past. This is a very common thing in these days of ours. A man gives the greater part of his life to self-interested activity, and then there comes a time when he looks back upon it all, and asks, "What is it all worth? How many have I trampled down in my eager haste, how many deeds of kindness which I might have done have I neglected! What can I do to atone for this? What gift can I offer that shall make amends?"

There is something sacred in all this.

The sacrifices of God are a broken spirit.
A broken and a contrite heart, O God,
Thou wilt not despise.

We dare not despise the sacrifices of a broken spirit.

And yet there is a dangerous tendency sometimes when we think of entering into a larger and diviner life through the gateway of personal sorrow. There is a danger of postponing our real service both to God and to man. There is a danger of feeling, as many of the saints of the church have felt, that only when the spirit is broken, when the natural joy of life has ceased, can the real spiritual service of humanity begin. There is such a service, the service which comes from the sense of our loss and our sorrow, and we need to realise how rich may be the life that thus gives itself to a great ideal.

But what of those who do not feel bowed down by personal sorrow, to whom this natural life is beautiful, sweet, and overflowing still with that which gives joy and health? Is that something that may be used? Is that something that may be given as a true offering to the highest ends, or is it only when that begins to fade that the truly religious life begins?

I think there is something even finer than the sacrifice of one who through sorrow enters into a consciously religious attitude toward life,—finer, and rarer, too. It is that of the person who through the experience of natural joy comes to a sense of such gratitude, such gladness in living, such sense of his opportunity, of his possibilities that, standing as in the sight of the Eternal, he asks, "What may I render to the Eternal, to the Giver of all, for all the benefits which I have received? What service is mine? What divine meaning is there in my joy and in my health?"

The author of that most suggestive book, "The Varieties of Religious Experience," has two chapters, one on "The Religion of the Healthy-mindedness" and the other on the religion of "The Sick Soul." Each has its place. There are times when all of us have some experience of what it means to have the wholesome, the happy, normal view of life. There are times when our souls are sick and sad and our tendencies are morbid, and there is a possibility of religion in each case. I cannot, however, think that the insight of the sick soul, morbid in its tendencies, emphasizing the sorrow and the loss and the shame of the world is the deepest insight. I cannot think that these are deeper experiences than the experiences of the simple, natural joy of life. I say I do not think they are deeper. I do not think the note of grief has in it the possibility of such real depth as the

note of joy. It seems to me that the last word that may be spoken by humanity must have in it the note of confidence, of peace, of spiritual health. That does not mean that our ordinary joy brings us nearer to the heart of things than we come in some moments of grief or sorrow.

What I have in mind is that there is a possible joy that is truer, more real, that gives us more of the vision of the thing that eternally is, than any note of sorrow that can come, and that it is our privilege to develop this joyous, wholesome side of our nature until it brings us to the greatest strength and fullest service.

What is it that really has given us that insight into the fact that there is something divine, some touch of the Eternal, that comes to a sorrowing heart? It is not the sorrow, it is not the sensitiveness to pain, it is not the quick repining. It is something in the soul that overcomes sorrow, that is stronger than the agony. It is the experience that comes to those who are "men of sorrows and acquainted with grief." That is the real lesson of the cross.

We say in the old evangelistic language of certain people that their sorrows have been "sanctified" to them. Now what does that mean? It means that instead of giving way, in a selfish fashion to their personal griefs, instead of dwelling upon them in morbid ways until they become unbearable, they have lifted their physical weakness, their poverty their loss, out of the realm of selfish feeling into that higher realm of unselfishness. A man says, "I will not think so much of myself any longer. I will not allow myself to grow morbid. My loss has revealed to me the great multitudes around me, and their needs. Henceforth I will go and try to minister unto them, to serve them." And in so doing, his own pain, his own sorrow, becomes sanctified, beautiful. They are idealized to him and to the world.

But can't we do something like that with our joys, our satisfactions, as well? Here is a person to whom has come an experience that makes his own life bright and beautiful, or there has come some inner truth, or fulness of health that makes it possible to bear what other men do not bear easily, to take it joyfully, whatever task it may be. Now what is the meaning of that? It is possible to take that joy in a narrow, selfish way, just as a man might take his grief, or it is possible to take this satisfaction of his own as if it were a tribute to his merit. "How good and great I am because I am happy and all seems bright to me!"

No such an attitude is inhuman, irreligious, because it seems to take the man apart from his kind, from all the diviner influences that might be his. He is selfish, narrow, sordid, in his ideals of happiness. But may not all that be sanctified to him? It is sanctified to him just so soon as he comes to realise that this is not a private possession of his, but a gift, something given to him that he may use it for higher service.

To the heart of youth, full of the natural pleasure of life, comes the higher call. Here in the world men are sorrowful, life to so many is hard, doubt and difficulty overpower so many souls, and here you are with your health, and your strength, your peace of mind. What shall you render for all these benefits? What can a man give? How can he express that which is in him of gratitude for the gift of life?

I know no other way than the way which this old Hebrew poet found, just to give it fullest and freest expression. It is no longer private, but public. I will look upon my joy not as something just my own, I will pay my vows unto God not in private as if I were His favourite, I will go into the great congregations of men, I will take the cup of salvation in the presence of all the people. That sense of "all the people" and their need, their need of the service which comes out of pure gratitude which is the overflowing of human joy, that is the thing which would do more than anything else to transform the world.

Service to mankind, sympathy with mankind, must that always come from our consciousness of common suffering, from our sense of loss, as sadly we give to others what we are no longer able to enjoy and use ourselves? It is joyous service and sympathy which brings us nearer than anything else to the heart of Jesus and makes us understand what he meant when he took up laughing

children and blessed them, and looking down into their faces, said, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." Sympathy, joyousness, and ambition, these things make a part of the kingdom of heaven. Duty, not always stern faced, but duty with the smile of God upon it, that is what the world is thirsting.

Now and then we find people who have learned this secret, that the greatest gift they can give to their fellow-men is that which is the easiest for the natural human being to give, to give to others not only what we ourselves enjoy, but to give to them something of the contagion of that joy itself. What is the thing you enjoy? What is it that brings the sparkle to your eyes, the laughter to your lips? What is it that makes toil easier, that makes you go singing all the day? Is that something which you hide from others, your private possession, so that when you wish to do good your face grows solemn, sorrowful, as you meet your brother-man? You have not learned the first lesson of that religion which is like the life of the little child, the overflowing of personal joy.

There are signs that philanthropy is learning this lesson, not content with mere sombre gifts, to those who are in sorrow, but learning almost for the first time the mission of beauty to those who are surrounded by ugliness, the joy of giving fresh aid to those who have never been able long to breathe it, bringing to lives that have grown sordid in their misery that which gives elacticity to the body and gladness to the heart, the diffusion of health, the contagion of courage, the mission of laughter as well as of tears. "Rejoice with those that do rejoice and weep with those who weep." That is sympathy, but it is not all of sympathy. To teach those who weep to rejoice, to bring to those who are discouraged courage and hope and exhilaration, that is still higher in its sympathy because it looks upon every human being as capable of taking for himself that which is best. The religion of health does not necessarily mean the shutting one's eyes to the sorrow of the world, to the fact of disease and pain. It only means that disease and pain, grief and despair, are not the last words for any human soul. The last word must be one that conquers these things, power out of weakness, life overcoming death.

The Song of Labour.

I SING the song of the workman,
The joy of the man whose hand
Leaps to fulfil with practised skill
The keen, sure brain's demand,
Who knows the thrill of creation,
Who stands with the Lord as one—
Sees what was wrought from hidden thought,
And can say of his work, "Well-done!"

Some must lie soft and feed daintily,
Or the soul in them makes moan,
But little he heeds who finds his needs
In the maker's joy alone;
Sorrow and pain may come to him,—
They surely come to all,—
But ever he feels a strength that steels
His heart to the shafts that fall.

He gladly greets the coming years,
They bring him added skill:
He feels no ruth for the loss of youth,
His goal is nearer still:
And only this he asks of fate,
That he may keep his dower
Of strength and will and labour's skill
Unto his life's last hour.

THE LONDON GUILDS' UNION.—The Friends who were present at Essex Church on October 10th must have felt that the Union had assembled under the happiest circumstances. The Members of the Essex Church Guild were delightful hosts, and their arrangements were carefully planned and pleasingly carried through. It was in every way good to unite in such a service as that held in the Church, and as the President, Mrs. Wallace Bruce, afterwards said, we could not be too grateful for the words of wisdom that had fallen from the lips of Dr. Crothers that evening. In his quiet, heart-to-heart talk Dr. Crothers showed us in the most persuasive and convincing way how important it is that the young people of to-day should fit themselves for the power and influence they will receive in later years, and of the necessity of filling in noble thought with noble action. He pleaded for *spiritual* education. He asked us to study religious history and our Free Church tradition, that we might know our position in the long line of religious evolution, and make that position more assured. He advised us to study the lives of the great men of every Church, and learn how great events had been shaped by them, and how their influence had been to give new life. The Meeting was a thoroughly helpful one. A. T.

The Choice of a Life Work.

The Opportunities of the Ministry.

An Address delivered at the Chicago School for the Ministry by Earl Morse Wilbur.

The choice of a life-work deserves to be considered, after the decision as to the moral principles by which life itself is to be governed, as the most important and far-reaching question that a young man is called upon to decide. With but one life to live upon earth, and with no chance to make fresh starts except at great sacrifice, a mistake in this choice, involving as it does all one's future career, is no less than tragic. By force of energy and persistence, it is true, one that has missed his true vocation may still make his life a fair success; but when one is to invest his whole life, talents, and opportunities, he should take no risks, but should insure from this supreme investment the surest and highest returns obtainable. In other words, one should aim to make such a choice as to secure his living his life to the most effective purpose possible. If this is true to some degree for all young men standing at the threshold, it is especially so for those whose natural talents and advantages of education make their investment of more than the average value; for with these mistake or failure means the greater loss.

In making this important choice one should, of course, be somewhat guided by the judgment of wise friends, who in certain respects may be able to judge of one's capabilities and of the opportunities of life better than he can judge of them himself; yet in the end the decision must be one's own. It may be rendered easier than at first sight it might appear, if certain principles controlling the choice be first clearly settled.

What, for example, do you mean to make your supreme end and aim in your life-work, to which all other ends, within the limits of honour, are to be made to contribute? Is it the accumulation of wealth? Then the range of choice is narrowed at once to a few especially lucrative fields of activity. Or is it power over men, so that you may make them bend to your will or execute your purposes, and perhaps reward you with position or honour? Then it is comparatively easy to say through what callings you may most readily reach your goal. Or do you incline to consult your native tastes, following along lines of least resistance to a career that shall be congenial, and possibly not too strenuous? Again the choice may seem almost to make itself. Or, finally, is it your high ambition to spend your life and talents distinctly for the good of others, so that the direct result of your life-work shall be a world left better than you found it, and your fellow-men happier? In this case also certain callings will naturally appeal to you above all others.

The avenues of service are many enough; and anything that the great world really needs to have done, from the digging of its ditches to the ruling of its nations, offers an honourable opportunity of helping it in some measure to a more abundant and happy life. Whether you shall choose this or that is to no small degree a question of personal fitness, of which I shall speak later. There are, however, a few callings that men are accustomed to regard as particularly rich in opportunity for those that would serve their generation in the highest way. I refer to Journalism, Literature, Medicine, Teaching, Social Service, and the Ministry; all, when rightly followed, most noble callings, with vast opportunities for raising the level of humanity and increasing its virtue and its happiness. It is remembered what power the journalist through his editorials and the author through his books have to influence or direct the thinking of those that read; that the physician comes at times closer than almost any other to the inmost lives of those whom he treats; that the teacher has it in his power to mould the plastic minds of youth and to give their characters direction for life; and that he that gives himself to Social Service aims to alleviate or cure the worst ills of society by dealing with them at first hand. Happy is the man that feels called to enter upon the privileges of any of these lines of life-work. I wish here, however, to call especial attention to the supreme attractions and opportunities of the Christian Ministry.

It has often been remarked that the power of the minister to-day is no longer what it

once was. Formerly he was the unchallenged leader, having by his very office almost a monopoly of public influence in the community, not only in matters of religion and morals, but also in education, and to no small degree in politics. To-day the pulpit shares leadership in all these matters with the press, the school, the library, and the public-spirited layman. "The authority of the minister is now derived," says one of the leaders of American thought,* "from the purity and strength of his character, from the vigour of his intelligence, and the depth of his learning, and from the power of his speech. Candour, knowledge, wisdom, and love can alone give him authority" Under these conditions it is safe to say that there has never been a time when a weak, incompetent, and poorly-educated minister would count for so little in a given community as now, nor when a strong, competent, and well-trained one could exert upon it a more powerful personal influence.

What character of public service is it, then, that the modern minister can render? It is his distinctive privilege to be a public teacher of religious and moral truth, a trusted counsellor and disinterested friend in whatever concerns men's inmost life, their higher strivings, their failures, hopes, fears, and perplexities. It is for him more distinctly and contstantly than for any one else in the community to hold up before men and inspire in them the highest ideals of life, and to speak to them from week to week to such purpose that they shall go away with the resolution newly formed or freshly confirmed to live true, clean, just lives as Christian men and children of God, and to try to make the Kingdom of Heaven a reality on earth. It is given to him (if he be capable of it) to be recognised and looked up to as *ex officio* a leader in movements for philanthropy, reform and social betterment, and in whatever else concerns the higher life of the community or of individuals in it. His work is thus not merely to discourse upon theological abstractions to those that are interested in them, but to bring religion in its broadest sense to bear upon all individual and social life, aiding the progress of the higher life of men by the most powerful of all the influences known to the history of civilisation—the motives and sanctions of religion, and the insprations of religious thought and feeling. His calling is no narrow one, then, but is as broad as human need and man's endeavour.

The supreme attraction of the ministry as a voaction, then, lies in the fact that its work is primarily in the realm of human character as influenced by moral teachings enforced by religious motives and inspirations; that those interests are not merely incidental to the ministry, but essential to it, and are interwoven closely with all that is good in civilization; and that the minister's influence upon a given company of men is not casual and temporary, but constant, and often enduring through many years. For this reason it can be asserted without reserve that if a minister possessing such qualifications as have been mentioned above will go into any community and work single-heartedly in his calling for five, ten, or twenty years, he will at the end of that time have done more to impress his personality upon that community, and more to shape its higher life several times over, than any equal man in any other calling.

By way of minor considerations, it may be added that, while the ministry offers no pecuniary temptations to the man seeking for money, it assures a comfortable living to the competent, and offers a certain presumption of social position and public esteem; and that no other calling gives more elastic freedom in the performance of its demands, a wider opportunity for culture of mind and heart, more inspirations and encouragements, or more sincere appreciation and love from the worthiest men and women.

No thoughtful person needs to have it urged how deeply the conditions of our time and country stand in need of such service as I have indicated above. When it is being pointed out from all quarters how materialistic our age has grown, how everything tends to be measured by the standard of money, how public and private ideals are sacrificed to the prevailing passion, how the standards of the business world are charged with being generally corrupt, as in conspicu-

* President Eliot, *Educational Reform.*

ous instances they certainly are, and how often in official life the public weal is betrayed for private ends, it must be clear that there has never been a time in our history when the call was louder for men to give their lives to recalling the present generation to higher ideals and truer practices, by emphasizing those eternal and universal truths that are taught by religion.

It should not be concluded from what has been said, however, that every well-meaning young man that sincerely desires to leave the world better off for his having lived in it, or even every one that feels the impulse to preach, should therefore enter the ministry. Far too many such mistakes have been made. The world is full of posts of service of different kinds and varying requirements; and which of them all one shall choose is a question to be decided upon grounds of one's character, temperament, talents, and preparation. If, as I have said, there has never been a time when a fit man could accomplish more in the ministry, there has perhaps never been a time when an unfit man was so sure to fail in it.

Certain qualities, which may or may not be important in various other callings, are well-nigh indispensable to a successful career in the ministry, A man must have first of all an unblemished moral character. I do not mean that he should be a moral prig; but his principles must be of the highest, and they must in all circumstances be adhered to without qualification. Again, he must have force and independence of character and strong steadiness of purpose. Often enough he will have to stand with the minority; and if he waver in his course, or look to others for guidance, or lack the power of leadership, his ministry will have little influence over men. He must also have that divine gift of tact and of social sympathy which, without the least trace of insincerity, will enable him to deal with men according to their individual natures, with due allowance for their peculiarities, foibles, or weaknesses, with true appreciation of their excellencies however obscured, and with a deep insight which can find in every man something divine, and therefore something of interest. The minister must have a real passion for service, a large-hearted love for humanity, an enthusiastic interest in doing good, and such a desire to be unselfishly helpful, as shall inspire all his labours and overcome all his discouragements. Above all, he who would become a minister must possess profound religious convictions. He need not as yet have arranged them in an organized system, nor need he have thought all the great problems through to their end—his professional studies will help him to do this—but he must deeply believe that this is God's world, that man has infinite capabilities as God's child, and the human soul priceless worth and dignity, and that man's sorest need is to be brought into harmony with God's will; if he lack these convictions, the tap-root of his power as a minister will be cut.

These are the indispensable qualifications which the young man deciding upon a life-work must find in himself, at least in germ, before he can choose the ministry with any reasonable hope of success in it; the lack of any single one of them will handicap his whole career. Feeling some assurance that he has these qualities in fair measure, however, may he still choose this calling unless there is borne in upon him that mysterious feeling that used to be known as "a call to preach"? It is to be answered that the ministry should be chosen with the same enlightened sense and sober deliberation that would be used in the case of any other calling; and that anything tending to disturb such a choice is liable to be the source of grave mistake. The most trustworthy "call" that one need look for is the feeling of reasonable certainty that one can do more good in the ministry than in any other work in the world. One may refuse such a call only for the gravest reasons; and if to it be added the persuasion that in this vocation one can also best realise his native capabilities and best develop and employ his talents, the call should be irresistible.

While all that has been said thus far is broadly true of the ministry of any religious body, there are also certain especial attractions and opportunities in the ministry of that liberal form of Christianity represented by the Unitarian churches. There is an

opinion widely prevalent, and not altogether without foundation, that a minister cannot be intellectually a perfectly free and sincere man. More than a generation ago Dean Stanley called attention to "the increasing reluctance of young men to entangle themselves in obligations with which they cannot heartily sympathise, and which may hereafter be brought against them to the ruin of their peace and professional usefulness." And President Harper, of Chicago, in the year before his death, had occasion to comment upon the large number of men who would naturally be attracted to the work of the ministry, but were "refusing to enter upon a profession in which the great majority of those who have undertaken it are forbidden to think except within the narrowest limits." How widely or deeply this opinion may be true it is not necessary here to discuss. Enough to say that it is not justified by conditions in Unitarian churches; for these do not recognise the right of any man or body of men to prescribe a creed for their ministers at ordination or afterwards, nor to limit their belief or change of belief in any way whatsoever. Here is a body of churches that not only allow but expect their ministers to keep abreast of newly discovered truth, whether in the Biblical criticism of either Testament, in science, in philosophy, or in sociology; and that expect their ministers to preach from their pulpits the same convictions that they entertain in their studies. Here are pulpits whose tradition is for the same broad freedom in the teaching of religion as is granted at the best universities in the teaching of science, and in which nquisitions or trials for heresy not only are unknown, but would be impossible.

These conditions of freedom greatly enhance the service that the minister of to-day can render to men. For when the traditional foundations of religious faith have been so tested as they have been during the past 50 years, when the critical study of the Bible and the progress of the sciences have discredited so many of the older forms of belief, there is no need more pressing than that of free, fearless, and reverent men to help this generation to reconstruct its religious thought in terms suited to the present day, and to present to it a pure, reasonable, and practical form of Christianity, fit to be the inspiration and guide of twentieth-century America; and there is scarcely any spiritual service greater than this that man can render to man. Any one that has endured the agony of religious doubts, or has witnessed the painful struggles of others, must recognize how great a helper he can be who will make God and the soul still vital realities to questioning men, and who, in the full light of modern thought, can secure to them the comfort, the strength, and the inspirations that spring from enlightened religious faith. For the reasons suggested above, I believe that the ministers of the Free Churches are better able than any others to render this high service. Theirs is a ministry dignified by a high proportion of illustrious names, which in themselves bear witness to the work to be performed and the honourable place to be won by those that will devote themselves to it: Channing, Parker, Martineau, Bellows, Starr King, Stebbins, Eliot, Freeman Clarke, Collyer, Chadwick, Hale, and Savage, not to mention those still in active service. The demand for men well qualified for the ministry of these churches was never greater than now, and assures abundant opportunity for every competent and promising man. This ministry has high and exacting ideals, it makes strenuous demands, and it offers no glittering rewards; but it affords infinite opportunities for moulding individual characters and for lifting human civilization. Can young men of large talents to-day employ them to better purpose than to consecrate them to such service in such an apostolic succession?

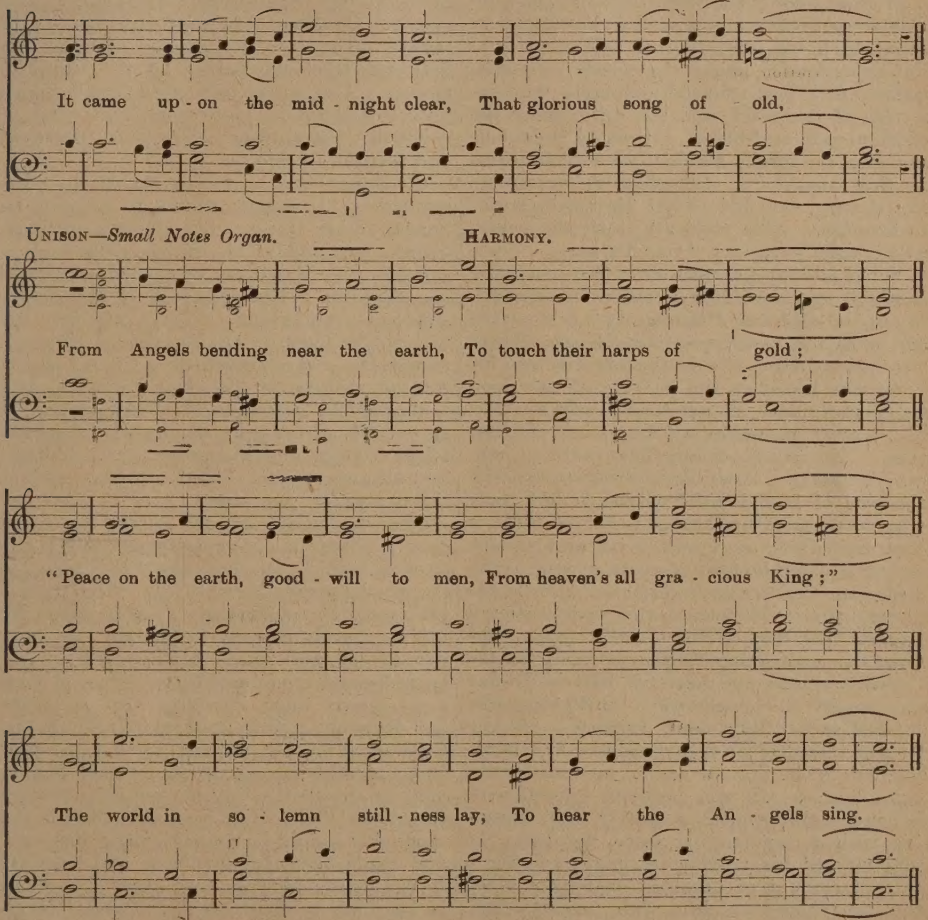
It is only ignorance that is intolerant.

Character is an atmosphere rather than a sum of qualities.

THE doctrine of the Communion of the Saints is worn to a thread in our working-day world. Over our fathers immortality brooded like the day; we have consciously thrust it out of lives so full and busy that we have no time to make an enduring covenant with our dead.—*Dr. Wm. Osler.*

*"It came upon the midnight clear."**

HORATIO W. PARKER.


It came up - on the mid - night clear, That glorious song of old,
UNISON—*Small Notes Organ.*
HARMONY.
From Angels bending near the earth, To touch their harps of gold;
"Peace on the earth, good - will to men, From heaven's all gra - cious King;"
The world in so - lemn still - ness lay, To hear the An - gels sing.

* *Our musical friends will be glad to see this very fine setting of Sear's hymn by a distinguished American composer.*

We remember the temptations that are before us, when passion from within is allied with opportunity from without, and that we have so often therein gone astray; and we pray thee that the spirit of religion may be so strong within us that it shall enable us to overcome evil, and prove ourselves stronger from every trial. Amen.—*Theodore Parker.*

The Humanities of Christmas Day.

It is commonly supposed that our chief indebtedness to Jesus is for what he taught us about God, his revelation of God's love and Fatherhood, of a mercy that needs no propitiation, of a Fatherhood which seeks the perfection of the child, and can never cease the effort to save and bless. It would indeed be shameful to forget all that we owe to Jesus in this direction. He made it impossible for anyone who understood his meaning not to love God. We yield all gratitude to him who taught us to say "Our Father."

Yet it is doubtful whether we are not more indebted to Jesus for his conception of man. It may be said that "Humanity" as a virtue and a sacred idea began with Jesus. There was little of humanity in the world before his voice was heard in the parable of the Good Samaritan; none of that tender pity for man as man which marks all Christian civilisation. There were many fine qualities honoured, courage, fortitude, patriotism, jusitce, the love of friend and household; but there was no sense of brotherhood, nor of the ties that unite poor and rich, wise and simple, strong and feeble, men of all races and conditions in mutual service and dependence. It was natural that tribes, races, and nations should live in hostility. Plato congratulates the Grecians on having exhibited towards the Persians a pure and heartfelt hatred. To-day one would be considered a barbarian who uttered such a sentiment. Aristotle's description of the ideal man, large-souled and large-minded, is one that we cannot now read without a smile. He who occupies himself with honour, walking with a stately gait, speaking with a commanding voice, despising the majority of his neighbours, but receiving a certain amount of dignified enjoyment when the illustrious treat him with respect—this, the ideal man of Aristotle, the Master has taught us to regard, not as great, but as pitifully small.

"Humanity" was a fundamental idea with Jesus. His golden rule, his new commandment of love, his doctrine of the brotherhood of man, his substitution of practical kindness for the correctness of Shibboleth which made everything of saying "Lord, Lord" with the right accent—these, his tests of human excellence, have since been adopted by almost every thinker and teacher of repute. They give to Comtism whatever strength it possesses. They are the religion of many who will not label themselves by the Christian name. And so we say with Paul, "some preach Christ of contention, and some of goodwill," but anyway Christ is preached, and therein we rejoice.

Christmas Day is a day sacred to "Humanity." It comes round to remind us, among other things, of Christ's teaching about man, and of all the charities and enthusiasms by which we serve God in serving one another. The good will of this festive season is contagious. There are few who will not be busy, at the sacrifice of time and money, to make Christmas a happy season for the children of the great Father. It is a marvellous triumph of Christianity that on one day of the year, at any rate, kindness, fellow-feeling, and humanity reign supreme, and all antagonistic emotions have to hide themselves for very shame.

Does this mean that for all the rest of the year kindness and humanity are thrust into a back seat? In that case Christmas Day is just a hideous caricature. What then is the reason for observing a special season like this? Surely Sunday is Sunday that every day of the week may feel its influence and be redeemed from worldliness. Special times and seasons when we gather up and focus our thoughts and feelings on religion, are not for themselves, but for the exalting and purifying of all times and seasons—that Monday may be the Lord's Day no less than Sunday. Christmas Day in like manner is a sign that every day should be consecrated to Humanity and made beautiful by Peace and Goodwill. It is Christ's purpose that every day should be his day—a Christmas day. Alas! for the widespread failure. There was a curious institution in the middle ages, half-divine, half-grotesque. When private feuds had become very numerous and fierce, and none could walk abroad without a weapon, an attempt was made to mitigate quarrels by establishing a sort of close season, called the truce of God. It came to be a custom in several

cities, and was there religiously observed. According to this truce all feuds were stopped for four days in the week. The bell tolled at midnight on Wednesday to intimate that on pain of ecclesiastical penalities, all hostilities were to cease until the following Monday morning. Not a hand must be lifted, not a sword drawn, not a blow struck. And until Monday hoftilities were suspended: *but then they were always faithfully resumed.* In the same way we are too apt to return again, after Christmas Day, to our selfishness, hardness, greed and inhumanity. Many people seem to be Christians only on one day in the year. After manifesting peace and goodwill on Dec. 25 they relapse again into practical paganism on December 26. But although we cannot always be making presents, what prevents us from being always kind and humane? Is it so difficult to cultivate the Christian temper, fellow-feeling, compassion, brotherhood? Peace and goodwill bless both him that gives and him that takes: they are their own exceeding great reward. There is a happiness within the reach of every man far sweeter than selfish gratification; it is the happiness of making others happy. There is a beauty that might adorn every day in the year for the plainest—the beauty of a loving spirit. There is a nobility that cannot be outshone by the descendants of kings—the nobility of a generous mind. When peace and goodwill, those great "Humanities" of Christmas Day, are universal, human society will come to its golden age. Why should not the truce of God run on through all the year? Why should not Christmas Day, with its rejoicing and tender memories, and open hand, and friendly greetings, and thoughts of him who was more human than any of us, the Son of Man, give its tone and colour to every day? Let the Humanities which make Christmas Day fair and gracious run over to redeem the common days of the year and bring near the time—

"When all men's good shall be each man's rule;
And universal peace lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Through all the circle of the golden year"

S. K.

Worship, and its Neglect.

By Worship is meant, for the purpose of this paper, Public Worship. The worship of the individual soul in the soul's own sanctuary, when the door is shut on all the world, and none but God is near, is one thing and a very precious thing. But *Public* Worship, while in the most intimate alliance, is in some respects a different thing. There are secrets and experiences, both of joy and of sorrow, of aspiration and failure, of tears, reproaches, and hopes, which are not for the great congregation, since to bare them to the public gaze would be a kind of desecration. Public worship is *common* worship, the expression of that life and those experiences of the spirit we share with our fellow-men, the quickening of common ideals, the confession of common needs, and of "joy in widest commonalty spread." Being public it must be duly ordered, and in the nature of things cannot be so spontaneous as private devotion. It must have its times and seasons, its rules and conditions. Yet for the time being these can be left in the background.

The essential thing in Public Worship is the cultivation of reverence. To real greatness of soul reverence is absolutely necessary, and reverence is for the ordinary man almost impossible of attainment unless it finds expression. Public worship in its essence is the soul's admiring homage offered to Eternal Love and Wisdom; it is the adoration of absolute Moral Perfection; it is the soul confessing the glory, the beauty, the holiness, the splendour of Immortal Goodness. This is reverence.

But the reverence that does not express itself will soon wither away. We need not stay to ask whether the soul's uttered assent to the mind and judgment, to the goodness and order of God, is not as dew upon the dry ground of spiritual life. That it is so the experience of all good men testifies. There is, however, a nobler reason for public worship than personal edification. It is a necessity of love and admiration, and reverence to seek expression. The deepest reason for public worship is not to get something. Begging for things, or even confessing our follies is not necessarily worship at all. There

is no prayer for personal benefit in the noblest of all lyrics, "Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come." The note of that hymn of hymns is homage and admiration—that admiration by which Wordsworth tells us we are saved.

But notwithstanding its importance we are face to face with the fact of a wide-spread neglect of public worship, even among good people and church adherents. With the passing away of Sabbatic narrowness and superstition, men often fail to recognise the immense boon and privilege of Sunday rest, with its hallowed, recurring customs of public worship. Some have come to the conclusion that the Church services which entered so largely into their youth are no longer needful now that they have acquired wisdom and experience. The preacher can tell them nothing new; they know already what he has to say; there is no benefit for them in those time-worn Sunday usages. The greatest danger to worship is not from the flippant, the roysterers, the hooligans, and their kind; it is from upright, often public-spirited men, who give their Sundays to getting up blue-books and reports, or to their correspondence, or to the newest discovery in Science. Many of them are men of admirable character, yet whose influence often tells against religious observances. What minister has not been reminded by the young that "Mr. So-and-So does not go to Church, and yet what a good man he is." And the young follow his example in absenting themselves from worship without following the example of his character. It is these sincere, high-minded, generous, unselfish men and women, who often do much mischief without meaning it by encouraging the young to set aside old-fashioned Sunday sanctities, not in favour of any kind of public service or thoughtful study, but in favour of golf, boating, motoring, and tennis.

It is to such persons the following questions are earnestly and respectfully addressed.

1. Are you sure your own moral enthusiasm and finer sensibilities do not suffer from the neglect of public worship? It is very few men indeed who concerning the great deep things of heart, and life, and conscience can do without the aids that are to be found in special acts, special times, special places, and the association of brethren and the help of the like-minded. There may be exceptions, but no man is wise in thinking that *he* is of that number. He must be very strong whose moral and spiritual nature does not require special and ordered and recurring acts of culture, or very weak who does not know that he requires them.

2. Are you sure that you are not depriving your fellow-men of a measure of grace by your absence from public worship? It may be that in religion you can do without the sympathy and communion of your neighbours, friends and comrades, but the point is *that they cannot do without you.* They need the sympathy of your presence, the help of your fervour, and the encouragement of your voice. It is something to others that you should be there, since you help to make strong and full the spiritual currents that flow from heart to heart, so that without you the worship is poorer and the blessing scantier than it would have been. Did you ever consider how far your neglect of public worship may be a kind of selfishness; how your absence deprives the services of the Church of their full volume and effect; or how by your presence you might swell the tide of sympathy and devotion on which other souls rise to higher things?

3. Are you sure you are not putting a hindrance in the way of the religious development of your children and young people generally by your neglect of public worship? Many men think the Church good for their children, and keep up their connection with it on this account, insisting on their attendance, who yet themselves are rarely seen within the Church doors. Anything more fatal to the religious nature of their children can hardly be imagined. It is another instance of the superiority of an ounce of example to a ton of precept. Young people are quick to notice the absence of their seniors, quick to take upon themselves the airs of seniority, quick to draw the conclusion that the habit of public worship their elders have renounced will be foolish in them to contract.

4. Are you sure you are putting Sunday to the best possible use in the way you spend it?

It is not Sabbatarianism asks that question. "The Sabbath was made for man, not man for the Sabbath." Sunday should be as cheerful, bright, and recreative as is consistent with its blessed immunity from week-day toil and cares. But is it asking too much that an hour should be given once a week to the consideration of the highest things and the deliberate cultivation of the spiritual life? Is Sunday really turned to the best account by a dose of newspaper and novel reading, or by games and social excitements? It is not that these are wrong even on Sunday, but are they the best you can make of that inestimable boon—a day of rest? Surely the question for a thoughtful man is how far is it possible for me to escape from the common care, common pursuits and the common excitements of this hurried, over-driven, dusty life; how far can I dwell for an hour or two of the week in a fairer world, breathe a purer air, and rejoice in a diviner heaven? Public worship comes round to remind ourselves, and to declare to a world ever ready to forget it, that we are not merely shopkeepers, mechanics, lawyers, but *men*, children of God and heirs of Immortality. To neglect the religious opportunities of Sunday is not indeed to break a commandment—it is to use a great gift for something lower than its highest purpose.

SYLVESTER BURNS.

A Model Guild.

[*In our October issue we published an essay on "The Ideal Guild." A capital supplement to that essay will be found in the Annual Report of the Mansford Street Guild, London, which we reprint for the benefit of our Guild friends.*]

During the Sixth Session of the Guild nine devotional meetings were held, with an average attendance of twenty-seven. The Session closed with a membership of sixty. Many members who are unable to attend the services give loyal help with other portions of the work of the Guild. Kindliness and goodwill still characterize these gatherings, whilst a greater readiness of some of the members to share their opinions tends to make the meetings more stimulating and helpful. The subjects considered were of general interest, as the following selection will show:—"Geneva," "Recreation," "Loyalty," "Arbitration," "Books," "Manners," "Ideals." They were all treated in relation to every-day life, and very simply.

This Session the music has been arranged on a more ambitious scale. Each evening there has been a solo, duet, or chorus, and as this becomes more firmly established, the Committee feel that it will greatly enrich and augment the usefulness of the service. This has been directed by Miss E. Thompson.

Miss Florence Johnson, as Treasurer, received £6 1s. 7½d. during the year, including a small balance. The debts amounted to £5 18s. 7½d., so that a balance of 3s. is left. The result of Miss Johnson's work is excellent.

The summer proved a busy one, and the "Outings" Committee only arranged for visits to Dorking, Greenwich, Higham's Park, and Loughton, but each was thoroughly enjoyed. During the winter they organised four successful social evenings.

Members and friends have continued to help with the floral decoration of the Church; and the flowers have brightened many homes as well as the Church services.

Last January the Guild united with other friends in entertaining seventy cripples from the neighbouring County Council School. In May, they entertained one hundred blind folk, with their guides. Each occasion was successful, and heartily appreciated. The Committee feel that the Children's Party was particularly well arranged and carried out, being in its way perfect.

The North-Eastern Hospital for Children again received a parcel of children's magazines from the Guild. With heartiest good wishes to us, the Secretary acknowledged their receipt as follows:—"Your gifts were much appreciated, and gave the children a great deal of amusement. It is very cheering and encouraging to us to know that we have the warm sympathy of your Guild, and I wish to thank all the members most heartily for their kindly thoughtfulness."

The "Reading Circle" successfully studied the first part of Ruskin's "Sesame and Lilies," and also considered religion as we understand it in our Free Churches, and Shakespeare's "King Lear."

Mr. W. J. Clark organized an entertainment group. Two plays were studied and produced, three entertainments being given. Some careful interpretation was done, and real successes were scored. The work gave the actors as well as the audiences capital fun.

Mr. Wm. Llewellyn has sustained the success he made during his first year as magazine agent. His work has been most helpful.

Miss C. J. Homer has deserved our thanks for her services in distributing the Church Calendar to country and other members and friends. Miss Obeney has promised to discharge this duty, as Miss Homer is removing to Cambridge.

The well-earned success of Miss A. L. Smyth in taking a first prize for her essay on "Mazzini" has given pleasure to all the Guild. It is hoped that more of these efforts will be made in the future.

Our Guild has taken an active part in the life of the London Guilds' Union. More than fifty from Mansford Street joined the Union's visit to Oxford on Easter Monday and, besides seeing the city, helped to overfill our College Chapel for the Conference Union's service and Mr. Freeston's address.

The Junior Guild was started last January, and met weekly up to Whitsuntide, with an average attendance of about thirty members. The evening have been spent in listening to recitations, stories, and addresses, dealing with such subjects as kindness, temperance, and the lives of noble men and women; an essay competition was held to encourage the children to think for themselves, and to give expression to their thoughts, and this proved most interesting and successful. Music has played a prominent part at all our meetings—thanks to the energy and help of Miss Emma Thompson, who has kept many of the children together during the summer by conducting a singing class. The summer Ramble to Greenwich Park was greatly enjoyed by a happy party of twenty-five. On the whole, those who are most closely concerned with the management of the Junior Guild feel that good work has been done, and now that the experimental stage has been passed, they look forward with good hopes to its successful development.

In conclusion, the Committee feel that much success has been achieved, and are truly grateful for it. They also feel that much more can be done in the future, as the work expands, if the same ready help is given and the number of helpers is increased. They would remind you that your merriment need not be dimmed because you are trying to be—

"Fervent heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind."

And they would point out that here, if anywhere, enthusiasm is conquering indifference, and we can see that the fruits of wisely-directed enthusiasm are good.

ALFRED THOMPSON,
Hon. Guild Sec.

The horizon widens, the vision enlarges, the ideal changes. But wider than any horison, because no line can circumscribe it, larger than any vision because the object of all vision, higher than any ideal because for ever rising above the ideal, Truth remains the same, changeless amid the changing, permanent amid the transitory and fleeting.—*William D. Little.*

Children's Page.

The Butterfly Story.

"Once upon a time," began the butterfly. "I was an egg. My butterfly mother placed me on the underside of a milkweed leaf. I was smaller than the head of a pin. A few days later I burst"—

"Oh, dear!" cried Geraldine.

"It didn't hurt," said the butterfly. "I was only an egg, remember. And I burst my tiny shell, and—guess what came out of that shell."

"Why, you did," ventured Peter, politely.

"Yes, I came out; but you children never would have known me. I had no wings. I had a body, sixteen legs, and a splendid appetite. I was a caterpillar."

"You a caterpillar?" exclaimed Geraldine.

"Certainly," replied the butterfly. "All butterflies come from the caterpillars. Didn't you know it?"

"No," said Geraldine.

"I have six legs: when I was a caterpillar, I had sixteen. When I was an egg I had none. How I did eat when I first became a caterpillar! I ate and ate until I burst. I had eaten too much and my skin became too tight. So I went off by myself for a few hours, and then I quietly burst my old skin, and came out in a beautiful, brand-new skin,—green, with yellow and black stripes. And all day long I ate and ate. Beautiful dreams came to me. I dreamed a had wings, and was floating among the clouds with the birds: and then—and then—I burst."

"Oh, dear!" said Geraldine.

"It didn't hurt," said the butterfly. "So I burst open, and out through the skin on my back came a beautiful jewel, of pale-green colour, all spotted with gilt. I was a chrysalis, a smooth, little, pear-shaped thing, without eyes, or legs, or mouth. There I swung. I wriggled a little to cast off the skin of the caterpillar; but, when I was freed from it, how beautiful I was! I breathed through the little holes in my side,—holes about as big as the point of a pin. It is a very good way to breathe. There are hundreds of ways to breathe. I knew a grasshopper who breathed through his hind legs."

Peter said nothing. Geraldine looked down thoughtfully. The butterfly sailed away.

What Have I Done?

Jack was a real good boy and a prime favourite with teachers and school-fellows,—such a willing, good-natured fellow, and such a lot of "go" in him, never shirking his work. One day he had a difficult sum to work out, and was bending his mind to it, when "Whack!" came the cane over his back

"Sir, sir," stammered Jack, "what's that for?"

"Nothing in particular, my boy," said the master with another whack, and then another, while he stood smiling at Jack and began to whistle.

Jack sprang up. "Sir, it's not fair not to tell me what I've done wrong," said he.

"You've done nothing wrong," and down came another whack with the cane.

By this time the whole class were on their feet, and rebellion seemed ready, when the stern command came, "Keep your seats!" and unwillingly the boys sat down. All seemed to think the teacher had gone mad. Jack resumed his seat with burning face and smarting shoulders. Presently the teacher said pleasantly, "I saw you driving your father's horse and cart yesterday, Jack, and was so sorry you had such a wretched horse to drive!"

Jack blurted out, "Our Bob is the best fellow in the place, sir."

"Ah! then he was lazy, I suppose, yesterday," said the master.

"Not he," said Jack, angrily. His shoulders were bad enough to bear, but to hear Bob abused was more than he would stand. "He's as splendid and willing a little fellow as there is in the district. He never shirks work."

"So, so," said the master. "Well, I saw you yesterday, Jack, and I really thought your little horse was going in fine style, when you stood up and slashed him with your whip. He shook his head, when slash you went again, and I saw Bob fairly turn his head to look at you, much as you did when you asked me why I gave you the cane cut; but you gave him several more cuts with the whip, though he had a fair load and was doing his level best. You own he is a willing fellow, always doing his best, so I thought, Jack, that you might be content for me to treat you, my good, obedient pupil, who always tries to please me, in just the same way. Fair play all round, Jack, eh?"

Jack dropped his face on his hands down to the desk, and he fairly shook with restrained sobs,—big boy as he was,—then he stood up.

"I understand your treatment, sir, and I deserve it. I used the whip without thinking about it, and it's quite fair that I should have a taste of what I gave our fine little Bob. I'll beg his pardon when I go home."

"Well done, Jack. Shake hands. Go on with your lessons, boys," said the teacher.

"And I'll remember my lesson, sir," said Jack, with a comical rub on his shoulders; "but it's fair play all round."

We find faults in our lives, and we cut off the weed, but we do not root it up; we find something wanting in ourselves, and we supply it, not by sowing the divine seed of a heavenly principle, but by copying the deeds that the principle ought to produce.—*Temple.*

News from the Field.

Our last number contained no "News from the Field." Why? I cannot tell. Such "News" were written and sent in the usual way. But either in the Post Office or the printer's office the MS. was lost, and, at the last moment, the Editor had to go to press without the contribution of "Scrutator." Our "News" to-day can hardly be expected to supply satisfactorily the lost space and information. But the best that can be done is here offered.

We note, with pleasure, the opening of two new Chapels in *South Wales*, one at *Pontypridd*, and one at *Capel-y-fadfa*. In both, we hope good and permanent work will be done. At *Bradford*, also, a new place of worship was opened. Its story is significant, and somewhat romantic. The pastor, *Rev. J. Rosling*, after much spiritual wrestling, broke away from the Congregational body, and some fifty or sixty of his people went with him. Our Unitarian friends at *Bradford*, *Leeds*, and *Sheffield* warmly helped these spiritual immigrants. For a few months a temporary, but most inconvenient, place for worship was found. Very soon, it was seen that this was a genuine movement, under the guidance of a sincere man, and steps were promptly taken to obtain land, and to put up a spacious and well-equipped iron building, with all needful accommodation for worship and for school. Within the period of eight weeks the land was secured, the building completed, and the place solemnly opened, the Rev. C. J. Street, of Sheffield, being the preacher. Sir E. D. Lawrence spoke the opening sentences when the door was opened, and was a generous benefactor to the funds. By the generosity of Yorkshire friends, and the help of the B. and F. Association, all the needful money, except £100, was raised, and we learn that this latter sum has already been contributed. We wish all success to this spiritual movement, and give a hearty welcome to the brother who has cast in his lot with us.

We observe, with satisfaction, the effort during the past twelve months, to establish a congregation at *Blackburn*, and rejoice that so much success has been obtained, and that immediate steps are being taken, and with every prospect of success, to settle an energetic permanent minister to carry on and build up the work.

We notice that *Stourbridge* has welcomed its new minister, the *Rev. Dr. Ewart;* that *Accrington* has welcomed the *Rev. J. Islan Jones, B.A.;* that *Chester* has greeted the *Rev. D. J. Evans;* and that *Northampton* has settled in its ministry the *Rev. E. A. Voysey, M.A.* All these good men and congregations have our sympathy and good-gill.

Other items of interest are worth noting. *Islington* has had a very successful bazaar; *Aberdeen* has extended its old premises, and

has opened with great *éclát* its new and splendid Church, and has taken the opportunity to make a presentation to its fine minister, the *Rev. A. Webster; Rotherham* has celebrated its bi-centenary by special services, and its former venerated minister, the *Rev. W. Blazeby, B.A.*, has published, in connection therewith, a noble memorial volume, which will remain as an enduring monument of the good work done by free and reverent souls in the old town; *Bolton* has triumphantly marked the jubilee of its present place of worship, and has had present at its celebration those ministers who still live and once led the worship in the beautiful Chapel:—the *Rev. J. Worthington, B.A.*, the *Rev. C. C. Coe, F.G.S.*, the *Rev, C. J, Street, M.A.*, etc., along with the present capable minister, the *Rev. J. H. Weatherall, M.A.*; these good folk evidently had a very spirited and happy time. *Chester* was the scene of a beautiful and pathetic event, when, on behalf of the *South Cheshire and District Association* the *Rev. J. C. Street*, of *Shrewsbury*, presented an illuminated address to the *Rev. J. K. Montgomery*, on the completion of his 90th year. The venerable man responded most touchingly, and the audience was greatly interested in the proceedings.

In addition to these events there may be recorded the facts that the *London District Unitarian Asociation*, the *Northumberland and Durham Association*, the *North Midland Association*, and the *British and Foreign Association* have all been celebrating either annual or autumnal meetings with more or less of zeal and success. The *B. and F.* meetings, at *Leeds* and *Bradford*, were especially successful. A fine, healthy tone ran throught all the meetings, and all those who were present were inspired by the earnestness of the proceedings.

Still more events of moment have occurred since our notes of two months ago, *e.g.*, the *Van Mission* is over for the present; its success in every respect has been phenomenal; *Mr. Hargrove*, of *Leeds*, has been telling, very simply and effectively, the story of his long ministry; *Aberdare* has reached out its hand of welcome to the *Rev. Melchizedek Evans*, a convert from the Congregational body; *Walmsley* has had a very successful bazaar; *Southend* has been installing a new organ; the laymen of *Yorkshire* are busily engaged in establishing a Unitarian Club, which we hope will be vigorously supported; and the *City Temple*, of *London*, has been giving a fine lead to the Congregationalists in the setting forth of a loftier theology, and a freer spirit in dealing with sacred things.

Our good friend, *Dr. Crothers*, has departed from our shores, and gone back to his work in the States. He has left a fine record behind him, and for many years to come, his name will ring throughout our Churches. Altogether his stay among us has been an inspiration and power, and when he arrives at home he will surely find that the *Rev. Joseph Wood* and *Mr. Freeston* are classed among those whose words are deep in the hearts of our American brethren.

We observe, with sorrow, the passing away from our household of faith venerable and noble workers and saints, who long bore the burden and heat of the day, like *Rev. J. A. Newell*, of *Limavady; Mrs. John Grundy*, of *Bury*—one of a noble and devoted race; *Mr. Walter Scott, J.P.*, of *Newry*, long honourably associated with our Churches; and *Mr. T. Sly*, of *Tavistock*. These, and such as these, live and die among us, and help to sweeten and glorify the lives of all those by whom they were surrounded. The vacant places have to be filled, and the work of God has to go on, prospering and to prosper.

SCRUTATOR

Nov 15th, 1906

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